

OFFICIAL INQUIRY IS UNDER WAY

WAILING MOURNERS FOLLOW A PROCESSION OF HEARSES FROM MORGUE TO GRAVE

100 Bodies Now Identified—Frenzied Mothers Roll in Street on Finding Loved Ones Dead—Youth Tries to End Life in River.

The records of the police and Coroners compiled at the Morgue up to 2 o'clock this afternoon showed that 100 out of 132 bodies taken to the Morgue had been identified. The thirty-two unidentified bodies were still in the Morgue. A procession of hearses was slowly removing the identified dead amid a perpetual clamor. Four funerals set off from the Morgue at one time, men and women forming in procession behind the hearses, lifting their voices in lamentations.

There was scarcely a moment when the shrieks of relatives and friends could not be heard from within the Morgue, and out in the dense throngs that the police struggled to keep in line there were hundreds of frenzied men and women who tore their hair and wailed to the skies in never-ceasing mourning.

Five Blocks of Mourners. There were fifty-two bodies still unidentified when the doors of the Morgue were opened this morning. The little group of wailing women and weeping men that had hung about the building all night soon grew to a great throng that stretched away to First avenue and thence five blocks long down below Twenty-third street.

Capt. O'Connor of the East Fifty-first street station and one hundred policemen held the line in a compact single file, doing their utmost to weed out the curious, who gathered in thousands, and added their clamor to the shrieks and cries of the hysterical relatives of the dead.

The press at the morgue became so great during the early hours of the day, that the police were compelled to admit only one person at a time. There were scores of old women in line, seeking sons, or daughters, among the dead and many of these became frenzied by grief and rolled about on the pavement.

A score of nurses and surgeons from Bellevue were assigned to look after these extreme cases of woe. Inside the Morgue there were more nurses and several police matrons. Almost in every case where a woman would identify one of her dead there would follow shrieks and an attack of hysterics that generally ended in a swoon. There was scarcely a moment during the day that women or men were not waiting and sobbing in the Morgue, where ninety coffined bodies lay in long rows with narrow aisles between.

The identification progressed slowly and with a good deal of confusion. The Coroners had one mode of telling off the identified and the police another. The Coroners marked the coffins with chalk and the police affixed tags. As a result of this many coffins were twice identified. Friends and relatives looking for the same dead were often looking apart in the long line and frequently as many as ten persons would identify one body.

More than half the bodies that were left unidentified today were past identification save by some piece of jewelry or article of clothing. Many young girls were identified by their pay envelopes, some by their garters or stockings, some by engagement rings. Many young men who identified their fiancées became wild with grief and had to be restrained. In one case a youth who found his sweetheart rushed out of the Morgue and ran down to the pier to jump into the river. A policeman caught him and held him until he became calmer.

The shrieking from within the Morgue spread to the line that stretched to First avenue and thence generally that thronged thoroughfare. The wailing of the women could be heard far out on the waters of the East River. These sounds of woe had abated little during the night and with the coming of morning they swelled to the full pitch of misery.

22 Hearers at One Time. At one time there were twenty-two hearses drawn up in line before the Morgue, through which the wailing women and weeping men were slowly filing. The morbidly curious received far from gentle treatment at the hands of the police.

Sergeant Slater of the West Thirtieth street station was in charge of the squad that guarded the door and questioned those who sought admission. When his eye met the peculiar twisted grin of the merely morbidly curious his big fist reached out of the line and grabbed the fellow by the neck, hurling him out of the line and generally on his face in the mud. This sort of treatment soon cleared the line of all but those who had some relative or friend who had worked in the burned factory and had not been accounted for.

The Morgue list at noon showed that eighty-eight bodies had been identified. Other identifications had been made in the hours of the afternoon. The department and the bodies were removed. When Twenty-sixth street became blocked with hearses and throngs of people extra reserves were sent for. The work of carrying out the coffins was greatly hampered by the confusion within the Morgue. In many cases relatives and friends flung themselves upon the hearses and clung to the caskets until forcibly removed.

Ignazio Bellotti of No. 25 Washington street, Hoboken, identified his niece, Vincenza Bellotti, sixteen years old, by the heel of her shoe. The old man had taken the shoe to be repaired and had a plate put on the heel. When he recognized the plate he threw himself down beside the coffin and prayed. The girl's body was carried beyond recognition.

The body of seventeen-year-old Nettie Rosenthal of No. 125 Madison street was identified by a hair ribbon and a tiny gold pin that had been given to her by her friend and fellow worker, Minnie Bernstein, of the same address. They had been working side by side

Some of the Girl Victims of Washington Place Fire Trap In Which Many Scores Perished



MISERY AND GRIEF FILL HOMES OF VICTIMS AND FRIENDS ON EAST SIDE

Survivors Tell of Deaths of Others and Their Own Narrow Escapes as Factory Trap Burned.

All over the east side and through the Italian settlements of Macdonald, Sullivan and Bleecker streets on the lower west side were signs of misery and grief today. The mourning was not alone that of those who had lost a child or a sister in the Washington Place death trap. The whole neighborhood of the homes of those whose dead ones were victims of the horror joined in the feelings of the families.

It was easy to pick out the houses where victims of the disaster lay dead. In the Italian neighborhoods the street doors were hung with white crepe, sometimes with tassels of gold. In other places black and white were twisted together as a frame around the door. People passing in the street could hear the wailing of those within. Undertakers' wagons were frequent in the streets and people stopped and stared at them from the curb, murmuring words of sympathy and horror.

Delancy street, the approach to the Williamsburg Bridge, was a street of funerals. Every few minutes a hearse, usually white, would turn out of the crowded lower streets eastward toward the bridge, the most convenient route to the Long Island cemeteries. Some were followed only by a single carriage, some by many.

Psalm Savings to Bury Dead. In all the tenement streets sobbing knots of men and women talked of the disaster and of friends and acquaintances on whose homes the blow had fallen. Pesach, the Passover feast of the Hebrews, is only two weeks away. In nearly every east side family savings had been made for small fineries and for decorations for the house for the holidays. In many cases the savings must be spent for funerals. All the anticipatory joy of the festival seemed to have been turned to sadness today.

Many scenes showed how deeply the tragedy had affected the people of the streets where every dwelling out of twaddling clothes must be a worker. From No. 195 Ludlow street a white hearse bore a coffin which contained the bodies of two cousins, Sarah Weintraub, seventeen years old, and Bertha Kuller, nineteen years old. Behind the hearse walked Paul Adler, twenty-one years old, who was to have married Bertha Kuller during the holidays. He meant to work right up to the time of the wedding and was saving every cent to buy furniture.

As the hearse was passing the synagogue at No. 82 Orchard street it was halted for a moment by congestion at the crossing. A venerable man with a



FANNIE LASNER

the door open from the outside. When they reached the sidewalk they waited; the first face they saw in the row of dead girls on the pavement was that of Vincenza.

In the rooms of Morris Herman at No. 8 Irvington street the reporter found Herman, his wife, Sarah, his son Isaac and his daughter Tillie sitting side by side on a long sofa in their parlor with their heads bowed in their hands. They looked up at their visitor with tear-begged eyes and then looked back at the wailing of the street.

"Our little Tillie is gone," murmured Morris Herman. "We put her in her grave at Mount Sinai yesterday."

One after another murmured over and over again that she was buried the Good One. One Tillie looked up and saw the wreath of evergreens which hung from the chandelier and the worked "mourning" pattern. "At home" which was pinned in its lower edge and a great big shock her. Her head dropped to her knees and she quivered in silent grief.

Widow Mourns Son. Mrs. Ullal, a poor widow, seated in the midst of a group of aged women, laid her head on the alibeth top of the table in her scantily furnished kitchen at No. 100 Chrystie street and could not be comforted. Meyer, last of her nine sons, who had just begun to earn his living as an assistant to the machinist in the burned factory, was dead at the Morgue. She had been there and had looked in his face and was waiting for the body to be brought home to her.

A FOOD STORY. Makes a Woman of 70 "One in Ten,000." The widow of one of Ohio's most distinguished newspaper editors and a famous leader in politics in his day, says she is seventy years old and a "stronger woman than you will find in ten thousand," and she credits her fine physical condition to the use of Grape-Nuts.

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